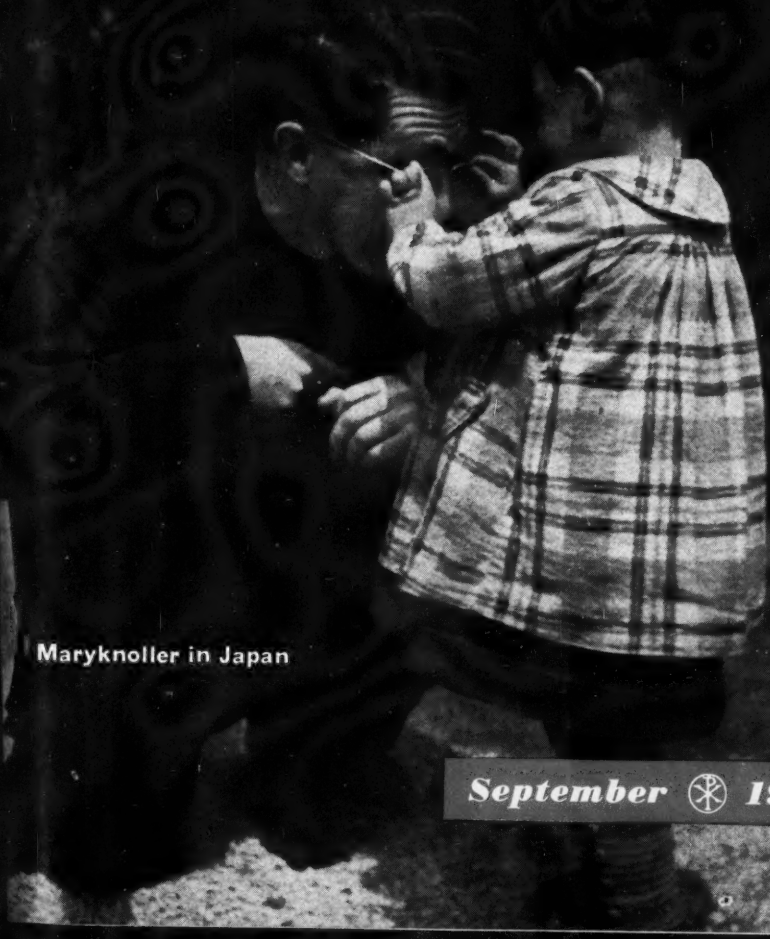
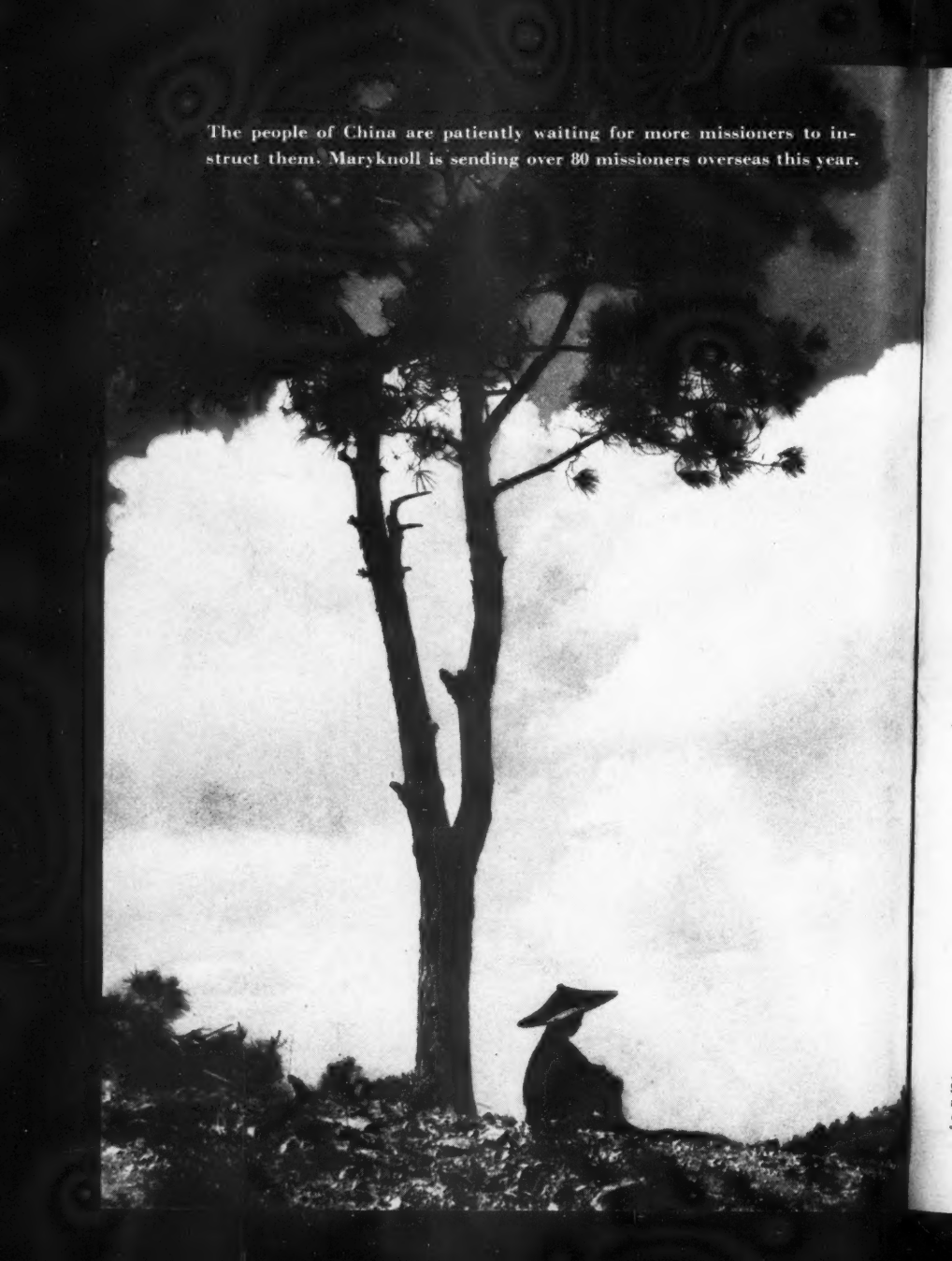
MARYKNOLL

· THE FIELD AFAR ·



Maryknoller in Japan

September ✠ 1946



The people of China are patiently waiting for more missioners to instruct them. Maryknoll is sending over 80 missioners overseas this year.

MARYKNOLL
· THE FIELD AFAR ·

The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

Address all communications:
The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Among this issue's features:

Our Cover: Father McKillop enables Japan to see life through Catholic glasses.

Trail Blazer. Hacking a path through religious obstructions is the man in front of the missioner, his catechist. *Page 2*

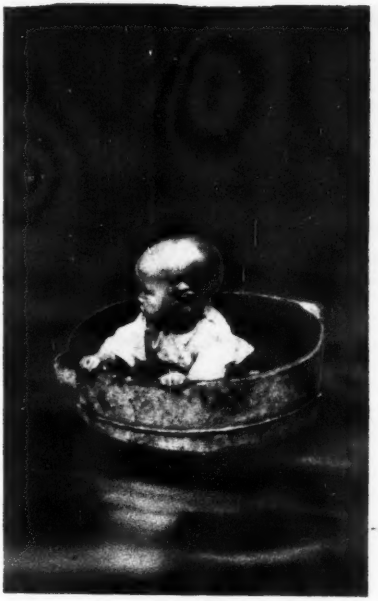
Rice. Not by bread alone do all men live. Half of all humanity pins survival on the rice field's crop. *Page 5*

50,000,000 Catholics without Priests. In South America, continent of Catholics, the laborers are few. *Page 11*

Tales of Another World. Father Francis Murphy tells what the devils are doing in China. *Page 16*

The Voice of China. The sounds in all China are natural echoes from the lives of her frank and friendly folk. *Page 20*

Faith Born Anew in Africa. A new assignment for American missioners to augment the Faith in a vast mission continent. *Page 34*



He's all at sea. A missioner could set a straight course for him.

Since some State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet *The Making of a Catholic Will.*

Legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XL, No. 8, Sept. 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bimonthly July-August. Rates: $1 a year; $5 for six years; $50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921 *Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*



The advance agent for the missioner is the catechist who paves the way

Trail Blazer

by JAMES M. GILLOEGLY

ONE BURNING AUGUST AFTERNOON, when the tropic sun of South China was melting the landscape and making even the flies uncomfortable in its heat, Father Joseph Sweeney arrived at Kongmoon on a stifling river junk and made his tired way to the mission compound about half a mile distant. Seventeen hours earlier he had left his beloved leper colony of almost four hundred bedraggled patients, in order to visit us.

Watching him come through the gateway, mopping perspiration from his brow and face, I wondered at the motive that had caused him to set out on the road in such heat. So I told him he should have stayed down at the leper asylum, where he had four hundred good reasons to keep busy and out of the broiling sun at the same time.

Still wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he shrugged his big shoulders and answered: "Heat or no heat, I had to come up here to get a catechist. Do you know of any good ones available?"

Another Maryknoller, Father Robert P

Kennelly, in charge of one of the largest orphanages in South China, likewise had visited us at Wuchow, in Kwangsi, to comb our region for catechists. He needed them to help steer his large brood of orphans along the doctrine paths that lead to their first confession, Communion, and confirmation. An annual stream of eight to nine hundred infants, mostly dying and needing baptism, obliged Father Kennelly to seek further help for the instruction of his permanent population of three hundred youngsters.

For Health

EVERY time he came to Wuchow, we knew what his purpose was. "I need some catechists!" summed it up.

Every missioner, incidentally, is in the same predicament. The fact that one here and another there will set up a shelter to take in the orphan, or give a roof to the leper, or supply medicine for ugly diseases or wounds, does not mean that those good works in themselves are the primary objects of such missioners. The good works grow out of the profuseness of charity that flows in the veins of the Church. The lame, the blind, the halt, the abandoned, and the sick are the ones the missioner finds along the roadside. The important task the missioner is commissioned to do goes beyond caring for their bodies. His is the job of steady praying, teaching, inspiring, and convincing, which plants the roots of love for the Faith in the hearts of all the people, both healthy and sick, so that following generations will be born into and grow up in the Church. That is the missioner's major task.

In pagan lands, where a missioner's parish stretches out over miles and miles of territory and where he remains one lone man among all the incomputable population, he is bound to make very little headway if he does the job alone. The scarcity of missioners makes it impossible to divide further the responsibility of approaching all the people. Even if one man has the heart and will to do it, he would never suffice physically to fulfill the task. To accomplish it as well as possible, he is obliged to fall back on the assistance that good catechists can give him. They make his steps longer, his words more widely heard; they extend his reach, and straighten the paths that lead to more conversions.

Although a good catechist is worth his weight in gold, most catechists are willing to help for a mere fifteen dollars a month. The more good ones the missioner can hire, the better are the returns in souls for the Church. The catechist works in areas that the missioner himself cannot often reach.

The village hidden thirty-eight miles away from the mission center, where one relative of Catechist Wong entertains him on a casual visit, listens to Wong tell about the priest he works for and the doctrine the priest teaches. Germinating remarks made by Wong arouse latent interest. He ignites some of the villagers with the idea that the Church is really an organization to which all of them ought to belong.

For Head

THEY are surprised to learn that God is a Catholic and logically wishes all His children to be the same. They hear that it pays to be like God, for that course leads to the high places of heaven. Smoking their long-stemmed pipes, they nod sage heads in slow agreement, not quite understanding but nevertheless greatly impressed. By the light in their eyes, Wong can tell exactly the drift of their thoughts. He knows how much of their mentality

and sincerity is involved. He knows what their next step may be, and he reports his findings to the missioner.

To the mind of the priest who was reared in Brooklyn or Buffalo, a spade is a spade and nothing more. It will take him long years to recognize the subtilties that Wong's mind can see immediately. The missioner is glad that Catechist Wong is tramping the countryside, dropping hints, following trails that lead into newer villages, and stirring up curiosity that will eventually direct some of the people into the Church. Men like old Wong, Pope Pius XI rightly said, know what goes on in the minds of their fellow men, and in that lies their value. They know all the intricacies and can show the people how their ancient values can be enhanced by the teachings of Christ. They speak up for the priest and the Church wherever and whenever they get the chance. Their listeners become future converts whose names eventually go into the baptismal books of the Church.

When the people are ready for instruction, it is Catechist Wong who goes out to the village to live among them and teach them. He must stay there until the course of instruction is finished, because the priest is bound in the endless rounds that scores of other villagers require.

For Heart

WONG must know the doctrine thoroughly, so that he can preach it well and answer the objections that non-Christian minds propose. He teaches the prayers to the catechumens, and leads the whole group in the public devotions. He tells the people that they may not burn joss sticks or give offerings to the clay idols in the temple. He knows what idols they fear. The old men mull over their new-found thoughts, and Wong sees to it that their patriarchal influence affects the molding of the younger villagers.

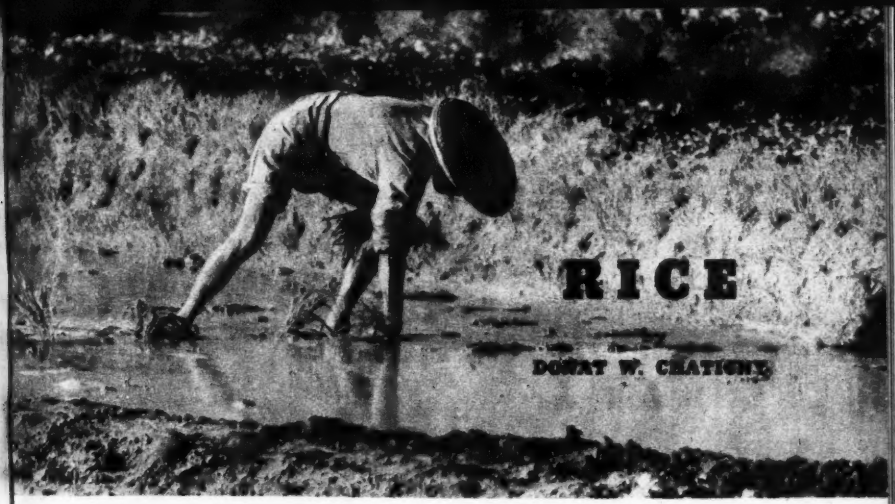
With Wong's assistance, the people come to know the Church and what it teaches. They begin to look at the priest with kindly eyes and start to call him "Spiritual Father." They attend their first Mass and know, from the old catechist's teaching, that they actually have seen the miracle of Calvary. They listen with interest to the strange accents of the missioner and suddenly find a familiarly warm meaning in them. In the rear of the makeshift chapel, as the priest looks out on the group, he can see Catechist Wong kneeling. The missioner knows that the people in front of him are sitting still and listening reverently because old Wong has taught them to act that way.

For Hands

MORE catechists, who will help him reach all the people everywhere, are the best finds a missioner can chance upon. The dispensary, the asylum, and other charities, make friends well disposed toward the Church; the catechist is the instrument in the missioner's hand that makes Catholics of them. The dialect the missioner doesn't know, the catechist speaks fluently. He performs the errands, works towards stability and progress, primes the laggards, and acts as scout, salesman, and middle man for the missioner. His talents give entree where otherwise doors would remain closed. With the help of zealous catechists, the Church can send its roots deep into the lives of the people, to remain and eventually to produce fruit.



A stringless shoe can halt your walk.
A "stringless" gift makes Maryknoll go.



The harvest this year will produce enough for one person out of every ten

IT IS NOT GENERALLY REALIZED by Americans that millions in China, India, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and all the rest of the Orient, plus a large part of the people in southern Europe, the Middle East, and many of our next-door neighbors in Latin America, depend almost entirely upon rice as their principal food. They not only use it for all meals; they esteem it so highly that they add little else to their diets. In a year when the rice crop isn't stymied by drought or flood, those people eat more of it than of any other product the world produces in any place.

We who consider wheat an essential part of our diet can gauge the value of rice to the other half of the world by remembering some of the inconveniences our appetites undergo when wheat products are denied us. A few times when bakers have gone on strike and put bread off the market, Americans have found that, even though we had coffee, marmalade, and two fried eggs for breakfast, no toast with them left an awkward gap. The meal wasn't squared off properly when the hand, reaching automatically for bread, had to come back empty. We could stay conceivably well and hardy for some time without wheat and only note an infrequent nostalgia at the emptiness that would present itself. The sensation would be akin to that of the man who long ago lost his leg and, though now healthy as ever, still occasionally experiences a "pain" in the part that actually isn't there.

The rice-eating half of our world is tempered differently. A painful, bottomless hole that causes panicky perplexity yawns in the stomach of the native who, depending entirely on rice to live, finds himself deprived of it. His chopsticks have to remain in the air, impotent. There is nothing else for him to reach for. When he has rice to eat, he lives in a prosperity that our politicians have described to us as "two cars in the garage and a chicken in every dinner pail." When he has no rice, he knows he is facing one of those major tragedies that leave him lean and gaunt. His economy



Famine this year may make these people beggars at some missioner's gate

becomes tied in a knot that makes him helpless and impotent. He and his nation go out as beggars, to stand on the international corners of the world and plead their hungry plight.

At a recent U. N. conference in London, an official mentioned the present shortage of rice in the world and predicted that, if nothing were done about it, one half of the world's population shortly would be facing one of the worst famines the world has ever experienced. Even though those remarks got very little publicity, they remain very true. In subtropic countries many fields that normally produce the grain remain unproductive because wars and concomitant conditions made it impossible for the peasantry to operate upon them and plant rice as usual. A few times in the past, China almost lost her battle against the Japanese when the latter threatened the rice sections of the country. Those were blows that China savagely fought to thwart, because debilitating hunger would have resulted to cripple further defense.

It is baffling for us to realize how utterly helpless that other half of the world we live in becomes when the rice crop does not come through. The peoples' whole economy is vitally wrapped up in rice. It means more security to have rice piled up in one's storehouse than to have the legal tender of the nation written in large figures in one's bank book. Men, women, and children eat the rice and feel a glowing satisfaction no other food gives them. On what is left, in some fashion or other, they feed their pigs, chickens, horses, cats, dogs, and other livestock. The rents are paid to

the landlord by giving him a couple of baskets of rice each term. Teachers are paid salaries in rice, for it is the tuition fee they receive from their pupils.

The variety of foods that we associate with Oriental appetites, edibles that we sometimes consider fantastic if not repulsive, originally found their way into menus because, in all probability, it simply wasn't possible at all times to keep one's bowl filled with rice. Substitutes had to be discovered or invented. For instance, the Chinese, when rice crops failed, learned to look up into the trees and gather birds' nests for soup. They found other sustenance in June bugs or locusts fried in peanut oil, or dog meat, snakes, or monkey flesh. When a man is hungry, he will learn to eat anything, and, in the case of a Chinese, he will learn to relish it, too. But for the main dish, he always wants to top the meal off with plenty of steaming rice. That remains the beginning and end of his gastronomical credo.

A famine usually is ushered in by drought, flood, or some man-made calamity. It robs the land and the people of the grain that is the backbone of the simple economy that keeps body and soul together. If the famine is caused by floods, the people have nothing to do but find higher land to starve on. If it is caused by droughts, they will strain the backs of their children and old ones, trying vainly to carry enough water from already low-level rivers or shallow wells to spill into arid fields. There is no food; there is no sustenance. There is no straw to warm their homes when the wind is from the north. It becomes bleak, marrow-infecting bankruptcy because the rice foundation that holds up everything is gone.

The individual in the Orient long ago learned on which side his metaphorical bread is buttered. Today when he goes down the street, he doesn't hail his neighbor by inquiring, "How's the Mrs.?" or uttering a pointless, "How do you do?" He asks a very elemental question, one that has many sad chapters written in the history books of his forebears: "Did you eat rice yet?"

If that question can be answered in the affirmative, he knows all is well.



Rice Statistics



ACCORDING TO STATISTICS available, only one person out of every ten, in China this year, will be able to get enough to eat. There is only that much rice available. The rice crop, a U. S. Department of Agriculture statement says, is short 90% of its pre-war normal level. Normally, what is grown is eaten, not exported. This year, only 10% of the normal demand will be available to the Chinese millions who eat rice. Missioners will see these needs reflected in the faces of the men, women, and children of the districts in which they serve, and they will depend on you to help us help their needy people.

How Fares the Church in Manchuria, Korea, and Japan

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

IT IS A YEAR since the battleship *Missouri* steamed into Tokyo Bay, and Japan was reopened to the world and to missioners by General MacArthur. Since that time Maryknoll has received numerous reports from its missioners working in Manchuria, Korea, and Japan. On the basis of these reports, here is a glance at the religious situation as it exists today.

1. Manchuria—Progress Being Made

REPORTS from Bishop Lane and his missioners in Manchuria have been few, but those that did reach the United States told of definite progress. As soon as he was released from the concentration camp, Bishop Lane held his first Manchurian ordination and raised three native seminarians to the priesthood. Those young priests had continued their studies during the war years. The native Sisters' community of The Sacred Heart is growing, and it now has sixteen professed Sisters, nine novices, and ten aspirants.

"Our little native Sisters in Fushun have been exposing their lives daily for the Japanese refugees, about two thirds of whom have died from typhus, dysentery, and typhoid," the Bishop wrote. "Three of our native Sisters have had typhus: two nearly died from it. We have had about a thousand baptisms in Fushun alone, among the Japanese refugees."

Bishop Lane has high praise for the work done by the Maryknoll Sisters under the most difficult of conditions. "If there is anything approaching the heroic," his report states, "it is the conduct of our Maryknoll Sisters in Dairen during these recent years, despite physical and mental suffering, lack of food, and so on. Their school's success is the result of their spirit of loyalty and perseverance. The enrollment now numbers almost two hundred students, and they could take twice that number if they had the personnel. The Sisters are all in need of a rest and are only holding on until substitutes come."

As soon as Manchuria becomes completely opened to outside aid, medical help must be dispatched there. Bishop Lane, like all our mission superiors, includes in all his reports the request for more missioners. The harvest is, indeed, white in the Orient! All that is needed is manpower to do the reaping—plus the necessary means to reach the missions.

2. Korea—a Country Divided

ACCORDING to a recent Vatican broadcast, based on information obtained from Allied officers emerging from occupied Korea, the plight of the missions in Soviet Korea is worse now than at any time during the war. The Vatican reported that Soviet troops were looting missions and stripping them.

News from the Maryknoll mission territory in Korea is practically non-existent. This territory is under Russian control. However, Maryknoll missioners are in the American-occupied section of Korea.

Fathers George Carroll and Roy Petipren are working under Bishop Ro, of Seoul, and are awaiting the first opportunity to return to their own territory. In the southern half of Korea (the American zone), the Church is making consistent gains. Refugees from the north are crossing the border between the zones and are receiving help from Catholic priests and Sisters.

An N.C.W.C. correspondent writing from Seoul paints a dark picture of northern Korea. He reports the cold-blooded murder of a Benedictine missioner by occupying troops. Missioners are being confined to their residences, Church lands are being confiscated, schools are being "communized," and the people are forced to join Leftist parties if they wish to be eligible to purchase food to keep themselves alive. Russians are placing Korean "Reds" in charge of local affairs. "Korean Communists are worse than the Russians," one Catholic refugee reported.

There may be many dark days ahead, before Korea can regain her rightful place in the family of nations.

3. Japan—a New Opportunity

"CHRISTIANITY can save Japan!"

The speaker was youthful-looking Wataru Narahashi, forty-four-year-old Japanese Cabinet member, who was returned to office by an overwhelming vote in recent elections under General MacArthur's direction. The statement was uttered at the Prime Minister's residence during an interview given to Reverend Patrick O'Connor, American Catholic press representative in Japan. Narahashi then told Father O'Connor:

"Shintoism and Buddhism are dead religions. I am convinced that the Japanese people are starving for religion. Any kind of vital religious movement in Japan will be successful. Christianity is the only remedy to save the morale of the people."

Similar statements by other Japanese officials are not rare. Only a few days previously, from a cell in Sagumo Prison where he was waiting trial on charges of war crimes, Toshio Shiratori, former Japanese ambassador to Italy, directed a strong plea that Japan should henceforth follow Christianity.

"The disillusionment of the people is complete," he wrote in a letter to the Japanese Foreign Minister. "It is almost incomprehensible why, while we imported freely the fruits of Western civilization, little or no notice has been taken of the Christian religion by our imperial Court. If Shintoism of Japan really means the

way of God, a thorough overhauling is long overdue. Since there cannot be two universal Gods or two ways of God, and as the true attributes of the Supreme Being have nowhere been so unmistakably made manifest as by Jesus, I see no reason why the teachings of Christ should not be accepted by us without reserve."

These sentiments are worthy of being acted upon. At least, the Vatican thinks so. Shortly after the war ended, the Holy See instructed Maryknoll to send as many missioners as possible to Japan. Rome knew that the opportunity that faced the Church in Japan was the greatest in the nation's history. Maryknoll took this mandate to heart and sent missioners to the Land of the Rising Sun as quickly as the United States State Department would clear them. Other mission societies have followed the same course.

American Catholics were sent to Japan with definite jobs. Two of America's leading Catholic educators were named to an advisory board assembled by the State Department to advise General MacArthur, and through him the Japanese Ministry of Education, on matters pertaining to educational reorganization. These were Monsignor Frederick G. Hochwalt, Director of the Educational Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Educational Association, and Doctor Roy J. Defarrari, Secretary of the Catholic University of America.

Maryknoll's Father Michael J. McKillop was named to represent the American Bishops on the Relief Commission that was planned for Japan. Father Patrick O'Connor, dynamic editor of *The Far East* and former president of the Catholic Press Association, went to Japan and gave valuable aid in the press field.

Missioners are probably the busiest men in Japan today. Father Patrick J. Byrne, Maryknoll's superior in Japan, informs us that he wishes someone could invent a larger working day. He is engaged daily in instructing new converts, directing Maryknoll activities, teaching at the Imperial University, supervising a tuberculosis hospital, acting as liaison man between Japanese and American forces, hearing confessions, preaching, aiding refugees, distributing relief, and filling a host of other jobs. Every missioner arriving in Japan finds himself with more tasks than he can possibly do. The solution is, of course, more missioners.

One of the prime tasks that face the missioners is the rebuilding of the churches and mission establishments lost in the war. More than thirty per cent of the Catholic churches in Japan were destroyed in bombings. Another large number were badly damaged. Schools and residences likewise were reduced to rubble. All these must be replaced or repaired.

The final job the missioner must undertake is to aid in the reconstruction of Japan. The nation has suffered heavy casualties in life and property. There are large numbers of war orphans to be taken care of, homes to be rebuilt, and people to be provided with food and shelter. The relief problem is a ticklish one. Father Byrne tells us that the United States Army has turned the responsibility over to the Japanese Government, which is largely helpless to cope with the situation. The International Red Cross is not established in Japan, so no help can come from it.

The Church faces a tremendous opportunity in Japan, but it also has an enormous obligation. Naturally, the coming year will be a critical one for the Japanese nation, both spiritually and materially, and what we do now to help our defeated enemy will reap rewards in generations yet unborn.

50,000,000 Catholics without Priests

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

ALTHOUGH LATIN AMERICA, from Mexico to the most southerly tip of South America, is considered Catholic, it is estimated that some 50,000,000 Catholics there live priestless religious lives. In the United States, there is one priest for every 650 Catholics; but in the whole of South America, there are some 120,000,000 Catholics served by a mere 23,000 priests. These figures indicate that each priest has to care for an average of 5,200 persons.

Or to put it another way, if each priest were to look after 2,000 souls — which is a large flock for one — then 40,000 more priests are needed for Latin America. Otherwise, some 80,000,000 Catholics will be deprived of strong religious leadership.

In Brazil, a mighty nation of 42,000,000, there are but 5,000 priests. Some 30,000,000 Brazilians are living without adequately organized parish life. In Chile, there are 2,000 priests for 5,000,000 Catholics; in Peru, 1,500 priests for 7,000,000. Before the Maryknoll Fathers entered the Puno district in Peru, there were but 28 priests for 750,000 Catholics. Panama has 80 priests for its 1,000,000 inhabitants; Guatemala, 120 priests for 3,000,000 persons; Jamaica, 65 priests for more than 1,000,000 persons.

Extraordinary as it may seem, it is true that, despite this scarcity, millions of Catholics in Latin America have learned to live a certain form of Catholic life without priests.



The call to a priestless church



In Guatemala numbers of churches have no priests. People (*above*) hold to the fragments of their Faith and hope for brighter days. Father William Moeschler (*below*), in Bolivia, already has started the uphill climb.



"I believe we can say," said one bishop, "that as many as 50,000,000 Catholics in Latin America are living what is tantamount to a priestless religious life. Each receives from a priest baptism and later, perhaps, the Sacrament of Matrimony. There may be an occasional visit by the priest, not necessarily annual, to the neighborhood for the local *fiesta*. But for some 364 days out of 365, these hosts of our Latin-American people are priestless."

When a man dies in these neglected areas, there is never question of the Last Rites, of Christian burial. His friends put his remains into the ground and lift their eyes solemnly, amid the mountain grandeur, to offer their prayers to their Maker.

In La Paz, Bolivia, the Maryknollers at Villa Victoria parish said that ninety per cent of their Indians died without the sacraments. "True," they explained, "we are within half an hour of their homes; but for generations no priest was so near, and the whole tradition of calling the priest when there is danger of death has been lost. We must patiently train these Catholics anew."

Practicing Memories

THE friends of a bride and groom in Tabasco, Mexico, gathered at the bride's home in the freshness of the morning and formed in procession. The bride in gown and veil, and the groom in top hat and tails, headed the group. Solemnly, they marched to the ruins of their church, which had been recently destroyed in a persecution, and walked down what was once the main aisle of the edifice that is now in ruins. When they reached the place of the sanctuary, the party turned and moved slowly back to the residence. Not a person spoke. Some shed silent tears at the poignant beauty of this mute appeal for God's witness in a community bereft of spiritual leaders.

While it is true that persecution accentuated the situation in Mexico, many parts of the Latin-American hinterland have beheld similar priestless weddings.

Staggering Pace

THE Indians of Latin America are deeply religious, and the absence of priests only prompts them to improvise their own religious ceremonies. An example of this is found in the jungle of Quintana Roo, in southern Mexico. Maryknoll missioners learned that, after long years without spiritual care, the Indians there had established sacred spots for special temples, which they regard as Catholic temples. They have selected laymen, whom they call priests, to direct their religious life. They have a religious rite which they call a *Missa* (Mass), but which is much like the recitation of the beads. They have a baptismal ceremony that is incorrect, and they have a marriage ceremony that likewise is incorrect. But thus they answer the call of their hearts for worship. Now young priests from the United States must painstakingly rebuild true Catholic practice among those lowly people.

Whenever the priest touches a neglected area, he is astounded at the repercussions. Two missioners recently sent to Cotoca, in Bolivia, decided to gather the children of families living in the scattered pueblos within twenty-five miles or so, and prepare them for First Communion. The invitation, sent by letter to the little settlements, worked like magic: over 220 children came to the center for the brief period of teaching, which was crowned by a beautiful church ceremony. A cavalcade of over fifty horsemen, the fathers of the children, carrying guns, came from the region of Montero Hojos and gladly con-

signed the youngsters to the Sisters who were on hand for the occasion.

"Most extraordinary," said Father David Walsh, describing the experience, "was the significance of this event to these children. The majority said it was the *first* time they had been in a church, for they had been baptized in the forest; it was their *first* participation in prayers recited in common; their *first* chance to meet a priest or a Sister; their *first* attendance at Mass, at public Rosary, at Benediction; their *first* opportunity to sing hymns together; the *first* time they had taken part in a procession."

Beginnings for Tomorrow

THE clergy are so pitifully few that the solution does not lie in contriving to find a few score, or even a few hundred, priestly additions to the ranks. The need is for thousands — tens of thousands — actually, for forty thousand more. Some thousands of priests must be provided from abroad, to "prime the spiritual pump"; and from the quickened parish life, will come many new local recruits for the apostolate.

"The best approach to Mexico's problems," said a Catholic leader of that nation, "is the missionary approach. We need many apostolic men who love the poor and lowly, who have the infinite patience and hardy zeal to work long, under difficult conditions, throughout our



rural districts (we are seventy per cent rural), and to build up the worship of God devotion to their fellow man, and the full life of the ideal Catholic home among our millions still lacking these concepts in their completeness.

"Ninety-nine per cent of Mexicans have a vivid faith, pulsing with an extraordinary love of Our Lady of Guadalupe — the strongest single common bond in Mexico today. We need missionary priests, both Mexicans and others from abroad, all impregnated with the social doctrines of the Church, completely dedicated to the welfare of the poor and lowly, in order to actuate our Faith among that great portion of Mexicans who have suffered from long neglect."

Conditions in Latin America are a challenge to Catholics in the United States. As Archbishop Cushing, of Boston, recently said, "We have no right to be spiritual millionaires when countless others are spiritual paupers."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐ Brother ☐

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name ..... Date of birth. .....

Street ..... School .....

City, Zone, State ..... Class .....

Korean Summertime

by PATRICK J. BYRNE

SEOUL is no place for an Eskimo in summertime. The Bishop's House, where we were cordially welcomed to spend the dog days, is large and airy, and well placed on an eminence to catch any stray breezes. The trouble is that the breezes are too well-behaved to stray. They remained quietly at home all summer and, so far as we could notice, never ventured out without at least a cloudburst for chaperone.

Seoul is surrounded by a mountain ring that puts the entire city in a sort of basin, from which the sole escape for the plenitudinous rainfall is by evaporation. Throughout the summer, the city is treated to a Turkish bath, and whenever there are any signs of either the heat or the water running low, the required sunshine or rain is instantly forthcoming. The temperature of the house seemed content to rest at 104°, but the mercury without was prone to romp at will.

In the near-by printery, it was impossible to work the presses during the daytime, for the rubber ink-rollers would begin to melt and drip as soon as put in motion. The expedient was tried of having a boy hard by, to fan them, but this was soon abandoned. Why, I dinna ken; perhaps the rollers caught cold from the draft. The printing hours were then from five in the afternoon till as late in the night as the men would stay — which varied with the approach of pay day.

Towards the end of July came the heaviest rainfalls. They were daily deluges that drowned the downs; shaving the mountain heads of their scrubby whiskers; sweeping all before them on the slopes — whether houses, barns, or crops; and flooding furiously through the valleys with a volume and a force that made playthings of even concrete-and-steel railroad bridges. Thousands of Koreans were drowned through ignorance of the nature of their own mud homes. As the floods rose, whole families sought refuge on the roofs, forgetting that their sanctuary was supported by mere walls of mud. It took the water but a short time to dissolve this earthly support; whereupon the entire family would sink with the thatched roof beneath the muddy waters, to struggle for a while.

After seeing this devastation and loss of life, the tenderfoot missioner experiences something of a shock when told that such disasters are annual. They are the result in large measure of the people's custom of stripping the ubiquitous mountain ranges of every vestige of vegetation that might catch and hold the torrential rains. This is done to secure fuel.

After having been quite carried away with his house, the Korean farmer will, if his life be spared, return to the same site and build again in the same way. The burnt child may avoid the fire, but the flooded Korean is built on nautical lines and kisses the bucket he almost kicked. We should try to teach him either to build as Father Noah did, or else to seek some safer site.

But every cloudburst has its silver lining, and the one good result of this universal flushing to the sea is the riddance of rubbish. The newly washed countryside may present a sorry scene in wreckage; but a sweetness in the air seems worth at least a tithe of the toll exacted in ruins.



Tales of Another World

by FRANCIS G. MURPHY

HERE IN THE Province of Kwangsi, in the village known as Valley of Peace, our Catholics like nothing better than to discuss tales of the devils. I'm going to tell you a few of these stories. If you believe them, well and good. If you don't, that's all right, too.

One day some Catholics told the local priest that a certain tree had a devil. Their sharpest axes had made no more impression on it than if it had been a tree of steel. Accompanied by many Catholics, the priest went to the spot, sprinkled holy water about, and said some prayers. Then he told the men to try once more. That time they experienced no difficulty whatsoever in chopping down the tree.

In this section of China, one occasionally meets a pagan individual known as "*Hsien Chih*," or "one who knows beforehand." The men who bear this title go into trances and claim that, with the aid of Old Nick, they can foretell the future.

In the village of Muddy Rice Fields, the "one who knows beforehand" went into a trance, but no words came from his lips. After ten or fifteen minutes, the non-Christian villagers in attendance became impatient, and they asked the spiritist what was wrong. He answered, "There is a Catholic boy in the room. Throw him out!"

It was true. A Catholic youngster, eight years old, had slipped in unnoticed, to see what the meeting was about. The pagans later reported that, after the boy was dismissed, the seance went along as usual.

The family of Li, comprising sixty-two members of the village named Horse Steps Over Water, were studying doctrine preparatory to becoming Catholics. The non-Christians of the town called in a *Hsien Chih*. The devil, speaking through the spiritist, said that, in the wall of the room where the Li family was studying, there was a hole, and through that hole he would enter and give the family a good fright. The neighbors told the Li family

what was threatened. With one eye on the catechism, and the other on the hole in the wall, each Li catechumen continued studying. Nothing unusual happened. A week later, the non-Christians called the *Hsien Chih* in once more. When he was in a trance, they asked why the devil had not come to frighten the Li family. The spiritist answered that the power of a crucifix placed near the hole had prevented the devil from doing what he had threatened.

Fish Village

IN FISH VILLAGE (which gained its name from the fact that most of its inhabitants raise fish) two families joined the Church. About a month after their baptism, two of the men made a journey. Returning late at night, they found it difficult to keep to the narrow rice paths; therefore, when they reached a pagan temple, they decided to spend the night there. So far as they knew, no one saw them enter the temple, and no one saw them leave the next morning. A week later a *Hsien Chih* came to the town. He told the Catholics that, two days earlier, he had gone to the temple to have a talk with the devil, and he had asked the devil what he thought of the Catholic religion.

To that the devil had replied: "Keep away from that religion! You cannot be a Catholic and be my friend. A few nights ago, some Catholics from Fish Village spent the night here. When they came to the temple, I had to leave." The *Hsien Chih* was so impressed that he studied the Christian doctrines and became a Catholic.

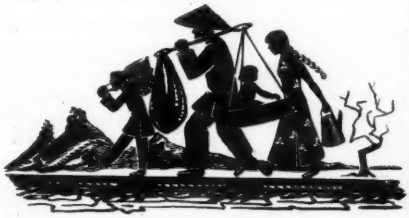
To this same village, there came one day a man with a sword, razor-sharp. For the edification of the people, he struck his leg again and again with the sharp implement, but drew no blood. The Catholics said, "You do it with the aid of a devil!"

They gathered about the man, said all the prayers they could remember, and then asked him to strike his leg with the sword once more. He refused to do so, saying that the power had left him. Now Catholics in Fish Village have a lot of face! Every time we open a doctrine class, four or five non-Christians from that village come to study.

Near our mission in the Valley of Peace, a non-Christian boy, while watching his father's water buffaloes, sat down, Indian fashion. A bone in his knee snapped. The local Chinese doctors were called in but could do nothing. Finally the boy's parents came to the mission and asked Father Lacroix and me to see what we could do. For a month we went to treat the boy; we made two holes above the kneecap and three below, to drain the pus. But the patient continued to suffer a great deal and was evidently wasting away.

We had just about given up hope of pulling the boy through when a Catholic neighbor said to his parents: "How can you expect the priest to heal your boy's leg when you burn incense every day? It is the devil who is preventing the leg from healing! Ask the priest to sprinkle holy water about the boy's room. Chase the devil away, and the leg will be healed!"

At the request of the parents, we sprinkled holy water about the room. Next day, there was a decided improvement. In a short time, the boy was up and around.



Coincidence? You may think so — but you could not convince our Chinese Catholics that it was.

Why, one may ask, do such things happen in China? The cities and towns of America do not see the like. The answer is that the non-Christians of the Far East devote much time to placating the evil spirits. The non-Christian Chinese believe in a good God, but in their concept He is a rather indifferent individual who does not concern Himself with the things of earth.

But the devils — ah, there is a force to be reckoned with! If a devil does not like you, the non-Christians believe, ill fortune will come your way: members of your family will sicken and die; your pigs, cows, chickens, and water buffaloes will be taken away. Therefore, get on the good side of the devil, and all will be well. Burn incense and candles in his honor — worship him — and good fortune will be yours. Is it any wonder that the devils are so powerful in China and other Oriental lands?

Maryknoll missioners have had a mission station in the Valley of Peace for the past ten years. During that time, they have baptized more than 1,200 persons. The results would have been greater except for Satan's hold on the people. However, progress, though slow, has been sure. With the help of God and the prayerful co-operation of our American Catholics, greater inroads on the kingdom of Satan will be made in the near future.

PRAYERS, PLEASE

WILL you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick	2,387
Persons deceased	1,342
Persons in the services	1,186
Other special intentions	3,722

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF



Maryknoll P. O.
New York

GENERAL READING

Chungking Listening Post	$2.50
Man of Maryknoll	1.00
All the Day Long	2.50
Tar Heel Apostle	2.50
When the Sorghum Was High	2.00
March into Tomorrow	2.00
One Inch of Splendor	1.00
Maryknoll Mission Letters (eight volumes) *Each vol.*	.50
Our Neighbors the Chinese	.35
Our Neighbors the Koreans	.35

FOR PRIESTS AND TEACHERS

World Christianity	$1.00
The Religion Teacher and the World *Each book*	1.00
Lessons and stories, grades I-III *Bruce*	
Lessons and stories, grades IV-VI *Bruce*	
Pattern for Tomorrow	
Story *Bruce*	1.50
Teachers' handbook	1.50

JUVENILES

Loting Books	
Set of 5 books, boxed	$4.50
*Set of 5 books, pamphlet edition	1.50
*Pattern for Tomorrow	
Story for teen ages. *Bruce*	1.50

Complete set of 27 books listed above (except*), value $28.70, for $15.



They Can't Go Without Tickets

NO, WE DON'T expect you to heave a pack onto your back and fall in with a band of missioners — headed for some distant post.

But, frankly, we do respectfully submit for your approval a little plan to go "part way" with 80 Maryknollers, to help them get to fields afar.

And in these crucial times, who can estimate the importance of the missioners' going? For they are messengers of the Lord Himself, sent by the Master, to be ministers of His sacraments to all people.

If it were only a matter of finding the fare for one or two of our priests, we could do that without much further ado. But 80 times $500 comes to a sum that furrows the brow of our good Maryknoll treasurer. A total of $40,000 can be, you will admit, a first-class problem! It must be found somehow and soon: we don't like to have to borrow the money. If you can't help, will you kindly recommend the idea to someone else?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose $_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missioner to his field of work. I wish him success!

*My Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

The Voice of China

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

IN PASSING through the villages and towns of China, I have often been puzzled at the contrast with their American counterparts. The atmosphere was different, but the cause for many years intangible. It is only now that I have discovered for myself the reason. It is that the Chinese are vocal, and if freedom of self-expression is the mark of democracy, then China of all nations has earned its laurels.

Take, for example, the average American village. Its tone is drowsiness; its main street is shaded in the gloom of stately elms; its houses are set in privacy, with curtains neatly drawn; its pace is sedate, unhurried; passing automobiles and the baying of a distant dog and the cackle of a hen or two are loud in the silence.

Or consider, for a moment, the bustling town. The clatter of horns and outraged exhaust-pipe, the raucous siren of a nearby factory, the incessant throbbing of machinery, the clang of steel and harsh hum of pounding friction, clash with the shout of loudspeaker and mechanical music; the town's noises run the gamut of scientific energy.

Jingle

THEN turn to China for contrast. China is as audible as the busiest Western town, but its sound is the human voice. The village lanes and town streets are filled with children of all ages. China is perhaps the sole surviving country where babies are allowed to cry themselves into childhood unhampered by coddling; where urchins may shout all day incessantly; where every house has several dogs trained to bark at every stranger; where business is conducted by loud bargaining, and the price determined by vocal perseverance; where news is passed by word of mouth, and women shout their gossip as they launder in the common brook; where lessons are learned by rote in school, and a hundred children voice their books with the piercing vim of treble tone; where all life is conducted out-of-doors, and all persons may join freely in the discussion.

Jangle

THIS publicity is carried to lengths undreamed-of elsewhere. For lack of police and law courts, the open forum of the village square or public street is used by aggrieved and aggressor, to justify by appeal to all and to earn community condemnation of wrongs. In a land of unmarked prices, the frequent market days hum with bargaining that can be heard a mile away, and prices are pegged by the good-humored clamor of a thousand shoppers. Public opinion is formed and expressed only through this medium of the open forum; but, curiously in such a vocal land, public speaking as an art is practically unknown, and officials are notoriously the clumsiest of orators. The common man and woman are the ones who voice thought in China.

An odd offshoot of this vocal predominance is that singing has become popular. In Western lands, it has gradually subsided to secondary importance, as a result of the competition of radio and phonograph, and the present generation of Westerners threatens to become unskilled in amateur performance, not only in vocal but in instrumental music. In China, on

the contrary, singing is on the upward trend in popularity. Instead of being passive lovers of music, abashed by the perfection of mechanical or professional performances, the Chinese make singing a vehicle of popular expression.

The reason may perhaps be found in the absence of instrumental music. The child in school learns to sing without accompaniment, and tones are heard and learned truly and confidently without any need of aids. China, of course, has its full quota of musical instruments, but they are pitched to a chromatic scale that does not permit of diatonic singing. Consequently, in the adoption of Western values, the Chinese have been obliged to do solo flights without instruments, thereby concentrating on the voice with profit. It is odd that singing, a Western import, should be so striking to a foreigner, but it betrays in contrast how low the Western voice has fallen in use — the penalty of mechanical music.



This dependence on the human voice in China is found also in social life. The art of conversation is still in vigor among the Chinese, and groups may gather for recreation without the need of diversion by boxed music; in fact, when the anxious foreigner provides mechanical entertainment by radio or record, the Chinese, like Western audiences, indulge in chatter unconcernedly, finding the human voice of more interest than the machine. And though, in consequence of limited experience, the conversation is apt to be local and homely, it seems to be less vapid than more pretentious echoes of the press. China is still one of the countries where the counsel or wrath of the grandfather or elder of the village is listened to, and where youth is silent in the presence of age.

But it is not the fact that every one talks readily in China that strikes the foreigner most; rather, it is that the conversation is loud and open. Perhaps a language governed by intonation must be spoken loudly, and centuries of community living have exposed all secrets; but it is true that there is little of reserve in Chinese speech, whispers are rare, and no one is repressed. When a visitor calls on a friend, he literally calls, perhaps as a warning to the dog to hold off his attack! Conversation by telephone is listened to by all bystanders, and the speaker thoughtfully raises his voice and shouts so that all may hear. On a boat or bus, private business matters are shared with total strangers. Stray talk replaces the daily press for most of China, and muckraking columnists would find but few secrets to exploit.

This freedom of expression is a healthy sign of democracy. It indicates, also, a frank simplicity that gives the lie to the accusation of wily secrecy that is sometimes made against the Chinese.

Annuity Plan

"Interest" is always gratifying. Our annuity plan allows you interest on your mission gift while you live — with no doubts as to its disposal after you have gone. Write today for information.

Land of the Free

WHEN THE RESTLESS ENERGY of America is channeled and harnessed and put to work, it results in miracles. The flood of wartime production that inundated the battlefields of the world was like Niagara. The avalanche of food that is now staying the hunger of the world is a major phenomenon. And the impact of our country's democratic institutions, economic opportunities, high standard of living, love of liberty, and respect for human dignity has made itself felt as a breath of new hope in every far corner of the world. These are ideals in which our people find themselves united. When they stand together, they are irresistible, as the Founding Fathers told them. Americans have only to agree on something, to make it a success.

What is it that makes our people good — and what is it that has made their country great? It is the men, not the walls, that make the city, according to the old Greek proverb; but we still believe that the "walls" — dispensation of Divine Providence as they are — have at least a minor share in the final product. This is a sweet land of bountiful resources, as the merest glance from any speeding train window will disclose, and one needs no sentimental attachment to every rock and rill in order to see God's generous hand in the rolling plains of Iowa and the blossoming orchards of California. It is true that man's work put them there; but this is only to say that the resources called forth resourcefulness, and in doing so gave that quality to our people as their most notable natural characteristic — a national birthright that has been theirs from the days of the pioneers. The mountains were clad in majesty and Douglas firs, the lakes and rivers were many and mighty, and the very recesses of the earth were lined with treasures of every description, to be tracked down and torn out and worked over for the enhancement of life and the enrichment of men. The earth was good to us.

Unlimited opportunity combined with the spirit of democracy, to make the typical American a monarch of all he surveyed in theory and a kindly and tolerant brother to all around him in fact; and when he failed to realize either ideal, he knew in his heart that it was not the fault of his new country but was traceable to some deficiency in himself. Every man of spirit and independence asked only a fair chance, and no man anywhere else in the world ever had a fairer one. The Constitution saw to that, while the laws and institutions that grew out of it implemented and perpetuated the system of liberty that provides the best field for human endeavor. The American home grew up with its unfenced lawn and open door — the neighbors began to find a kindly welcome in it, as the melting pot poured out its mounting quotas of rediscovered brothers from every race under the sun. Democracy was creating a pattern, and it had many likely tools ready to its hand in the fantastic natural resources, the assembled gifts and cultures of many nations, the universal flair for gigantic industrial production, the traditional instinct of generosity and toleration developed in a big country, the simple and rugged virtues characteristic of a new country, with something of the old-fashioned chivalry

of the pioneers clinging around it all.

Yet whatever advantages were owed to Divine Providence and the melting pot in the development of a strong nation and a good people, it is certain that many other equally prominent trends and tendencies did nothing to foster, and much to hinder and retard, the prime objective. First and foremost among them is the religious confusion that plagued America from the beginning and has grown apace throughout our whole history, to the bewilderment — and the ultimate unchurching — of disaffected millions. The people did not thrive on such divided counsels; and vast numbers of them are now devoid of any religious faith or practice, divested of any hard-and-fast moral convictions, and deprived of any spiritual home. There are said to be upwards of three hundred sects in the city of Los Angeles alone, and if this makes it a religious city, it also makes it a spiritual wilderness. It is perhaps an extreme example, but it illustrates an unfortunate condition that has done our people little good.

Almost equally grave in its harmful effects on mind and character has been the absence of any rational philosophy, and this deficiency has undermined the foundations of any definite first principles or intellectual stability the nation might have had. Most Americans think a rational philosophy cannot be established — and go on to flounder around with concrete experiments and scientific processes as the only feasible approach to abstract truth, with the result that they live in a mental quicksand where everything or nothing is truth. Our education is permeated with this form of intellectual suicide, and it has made us literate without giving us foundations for our wandering feet or wings for our torpid minds. Meanwhile luxury saps away at our characters — when we can get it; cutthroat competition and selfish monopoly contrary to the principles of the common law harden our hearts; social superstitions narrow our minds; discrimination, intolerance, bigotry and hate distress our brothers, sadden and darken their lives, and warp and disfigure our own immortal souls. Our people are human, and it was not to be expected that they would lack human defects. But our people are also good. And it was not these things that made them good.

God made the people of America good. He used a multiplicity of means, but He was always the chief Actor in the drama of American development. The people were, after all, His children, and He had every reason to be interested in them. He had given them one characteristic that He particularly liked. It was the gift of generosity — closely allied to the divine charity that is His own inner life. He wanted to bring it to fruition in their lives. So He set a bountiful stage, and He gathered them from every corner of the earth, to walk their little day upon it. Every means He employed was good, but the melting pot was to be the central experiment. It succeeded. It called forth mutual charity; it fostered bigness. In spite of every natural difficulty and human meanness, it battered its way to brotherhood. The people and the nation grew and waxed great through generosity.

With this history, America must always be a regal giver. That is why God calls on us to share His material blessings all over the globe. That is why He invites us to give our flesh and blood to carry His spiritual blessings around the world. Freely you have received, freely give.

The Yoke

by MARK A. CHURCHILL

THE MARRIAGE YOKE weighs more heavily, perhaps, on the women of China than on those of any other part of the world. In rural China, it is literally a yoke, in the form of the well-known carrying pole, from the ends of which are suspended not only two pails but also the burdens of the Orient.

One of the gifts given to the country bride by her husband is always a pair of large wooden water buckets, usually painted a bright red. This gift is the true though unintentional symbol of the bride's servitude; for the carrying pole and the buckets, whether filled with water or with fertilizer, will be the constant companions of her married life. A married woman in China is not expected to look to her husband for support. On the contrary, she is expected to rustle for herself and contribute to the support of the family.

A New Bride

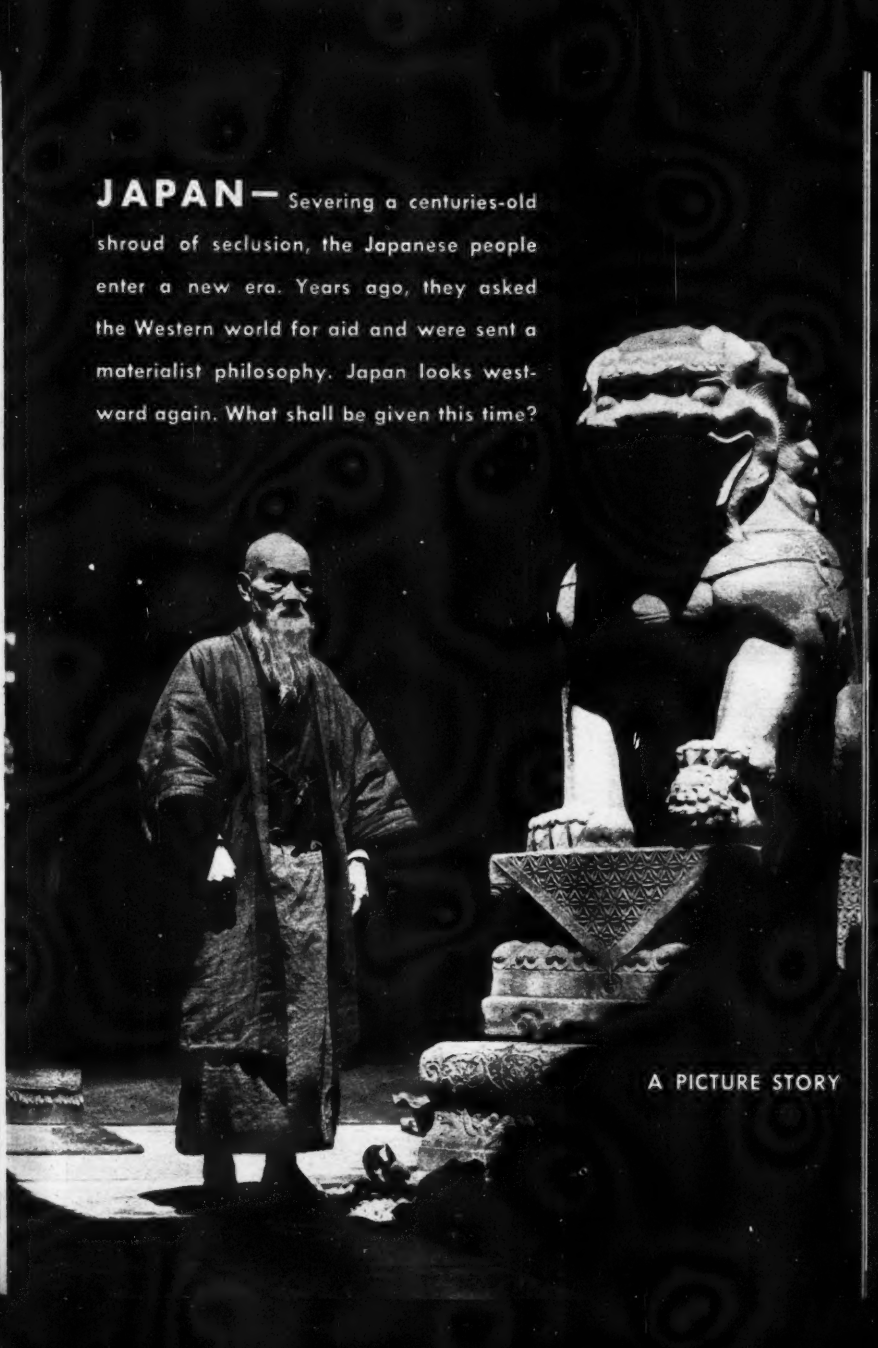
IN THE average family, a new bride is considered — and treated — as simply a new servant in the house and another hand in the field. With the exception of the actual plowing and harrowing, the country women do most of the field work. The women of the poorer class eke out their meager income by carrying grass from the mountains for fuel, either for use in their own kitchen or for sale.

They sometimes travel a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles with this grass fuel, usually over steep mountain trails; and yet the proceeds of its sale, even in the best of times, are usually barely sufficient to buy their daily rice. During this present inflation, when the lime and brick kilns cannot afford to operate, the demand for grass fuel is less, and the price it brings will not buy rice enough to sustain the strength of the carrier.

One cause of this situation is widespread poverty, accompanied by a low standard of living barely above the starvation level. These conditions result directly from the stranglehold which the landlord and the loan shark maintain upon the agricultural economy of China. A good example of this is found in the Loking region.

The Loking Valley is one of the most fertile and fortunate spots in South China. We have three crops a year: the two usual crops of rice and a winter crop of wheat. Since this winter crop, according to Chinese custom, pays no rent to the landlord, this valley should be more prosperous than other areas. Unfortunately, most of the land belongs to four or five rich families, who demand as high as seventy per cent of the produce of the land as rent. As a result, most tillers of the soil are working solely for the benefit of these few rich men. Poverty is so prevalent that more than sixty per cent of the Christian women of the Loking mission have asked and received dispensation from the Church's law forbidding servile work on Sundays and holydays of obligation.

But even where such poverty does not exist, the subjection of the Chinese woman remains. There seems to be little hope of bettering her condition until Chinese society as a whole can be brought to accept that divine invitation: "Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you. . . For my yoke is sweet and my burden light" (*Matt. xi:28, 30*).


JAPAN— Severing a centuries-old shroud of seclusion, the Japanese people enter a new era. Years ago, they asked the Western world for aid and were sent a materialist philosophy. Japan looks westward again. What shall be given this time?
A PICTURE STORY



Painstaking in details, religious by nature, loyal to his beliefs, the modern Japanese seeks the truths of life, not the trimmings.



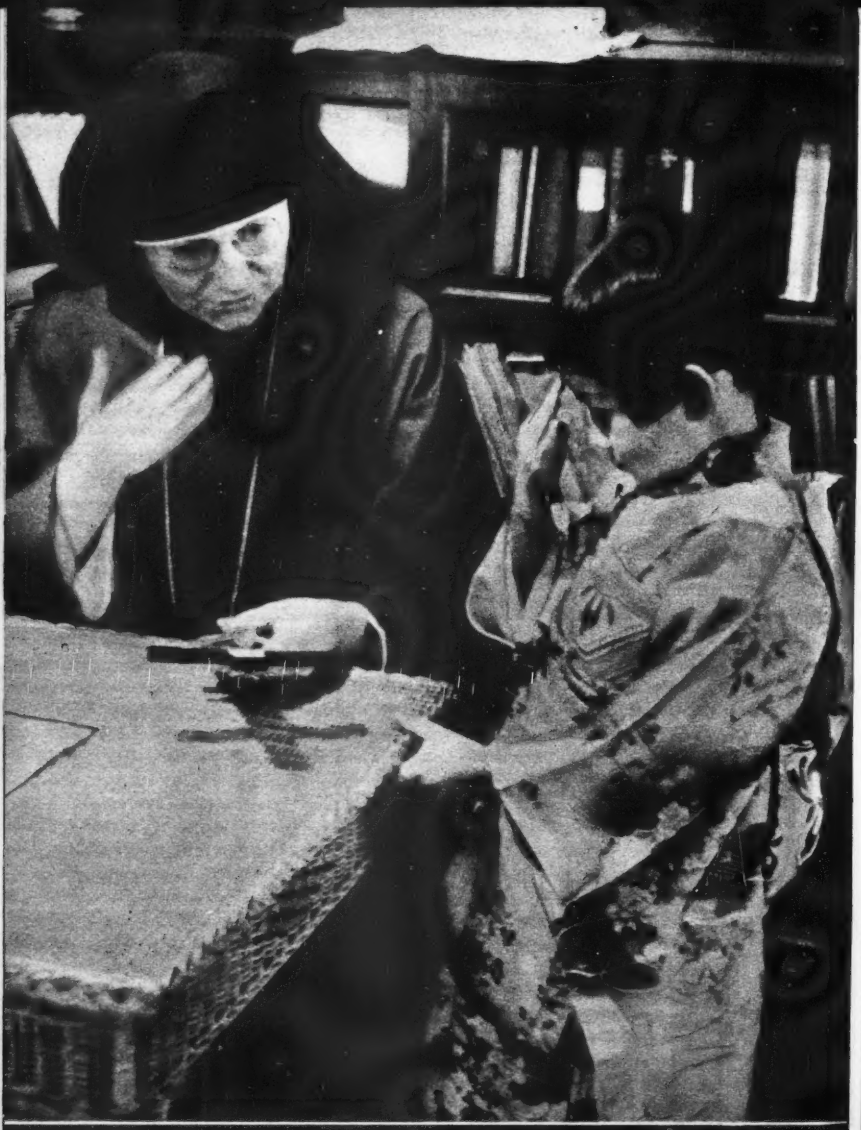
The family has always been the basic unit of Japanese society. Parents traditionally have seen to the spiritual welfare of the children.



An army of children, bereft of parents and homes, must not be left to fall into the mistakes that brought disaster to their elders.



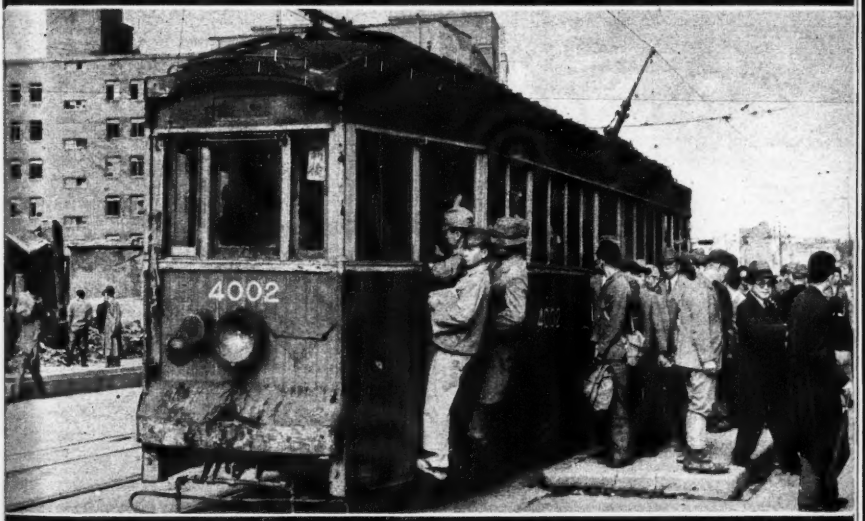
Women, long submerged, are now taking their rightful place in the country's national life. Shall we ignore this leavening force?



The Church went to Japan in 1549. In 1933, Maryknoll arrived there. The Maryknoll Sisters were engaged in catechetical and medical work.



Father Boesflug was one of the Maryknollers who built a flourishing mission in the region of Kyoto, the ancient capital city of Japan.



Missioners today help rebuild a torn and wounded country. There are confusion, uncertainty, and starvation in the crowded cities.



Japan's future is in our hands. Will the nation become a Christian bulwark? That depends on the number of missioners we can send.



"Give Us a Sister!"

by SISTER MARY IMELDA

THE STORY is almost unbelievable; in fact, Bishop Ford has actually called the conversion a miracle!

There is a settlement of Catholics who for many reasons had gradually fallen away from their Faith during the past forty years. Perhaps the principal reason was the swift-flowing river, which had to be crossed on a rickety bamboo bridge in low-water time and by a flat-bottomed sampan when the river was in spate. Getting to Mass and instructions on Sundays was difficult, to say the least. If a heavy rain fell during Mass the people would be unable for hours to cross the river to return to their homes. The result was that the old folks gradually forgot what they learned, and the youngsters never had much of a chance.

The lack of instruction and the infrequent reception of the sacraments led to gradual lukewarmness and then more serious transgressions. Parents arranged for their Catholic daughters to marry into pagan families, thus losing the young women to the Faith and bringing an ecclesiastical censure on the parents themselves.

Leaf to Flower

GAMBLING once again became common and cast a blight on the men. The women, ignorant of their religion but feeling the need of some support in their numerous troubles, fell back into pagan practices. Some families made money in the rice business and became so absorbed in the pursuit of the mammon of iniquity that they felt no compunction in casting off the restrictions placed on them by their religion, and forgot their obligations.

Despite the fact that in recent years the pastor of Siaoloc often exhorted those poor people to return to their Faith, their inertia and shame were too strong. Besides, the river still separated them from the rest of the parish. There seemed to be only one remedy left: the Church must go to them and stay among them. And so it did, in the person of a Maryknoll Sister.

Why should a Sister be given this difficult task, you might ask? Well, we concluded among ourselves, if a Sister would stay right there in the village for about a month, living the natives' day-by-day life, sharing their homes, their food, their joys and sorrows and trials, such a practical demonstration of sincere interest in their welfare might serve to soften their hardened hearts.

Sister Jean Theophane was chosen for the privileged role of "missioner at large," and forthwith left her convent home and board. That the choice was a happy one was evident in the transformation that took place not long after Sister's arrival in the village. Her untiring zeal, her complete selflessness, and her Christlike charity, exercised daily from dawn until late into the night, resulted in forty-nine baptisms, the rectification of a number of marriages, and the return to the sacraments of many persons who had neglected the practice of their religion for years.

On Sunday mornings, Sister Jean Theophane would rise long before the sun did, and call the people. Her reminder was, "Be ready in time to cross the river for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice."

That meant going from house to house

to waken the inmates, as the luxury of an alarm clock is unknown in these parts. Then, at the first peep of dawn, groups of five and six could be seen emerging from their homes; and finally, a long line of people, with Sister in the lead, would be joined in procession to ferry over to Mass.

It was my privilege to spend one night with Sister at that outstation and accompany her on the next day's routine of visiting, classes, and recreation with the people. First, of course, we made the usual Sunday morning trip to the mission church. The experience was absolutely thrilling, and it gave me a chance to be eyewitness of a great and intimate work for souls.

Before Sister Jean Theophane took up residence in that village, I had gone over to make the arrangements. My next visit was made after her work was well under way, so I was in a good position to judge the marvelous change that had taken place in the people. Joy in the knowledge of God and His goodness was actually shining in the countenance of everyone I met! The villagers' past laxity was due mostly to lack of understanding and appreciation of the Faith. That the truth had been brought home to them by Sister's instructions and God's grace, was the whole topic of conversation.

They knew Sister was loaned to them for only a limited time, and they deeply regretted the thought of her leaving. "Give us a Sister," they begged, "to stay here with us. Or at least have one visit us regularly, to help us remain faithful!"

Father Gallagher believes that it would be a decided advantage to have Sisters stationed there, to encourage lax Catholics and to influence non-Christians. Again, all we can say is that the laborers are few. Many opportunities have to be foregone for lack of missioners to take care



House-to-house to prepare the people

"Be ready in time to cross the river"



of them. The number of native Sisters being trained under our direction, however, is growing, and they are doing very fine work, which is indeed a consolation. It would be ideal if we could spare the time to move from village to village and live several weeks with each group of people, and then have the native Chinese Sisters established in each village permanently. But the center has its particular demands, and so village work can be taken care of only at intervals.

Our other groups of Maryknoll Sisters in Shuichai, Hinning, and Tungshek have been doing work similar to that done in Siaoloc by Sister Jean Theophane. Here in Kaying, Sister Magdalena and Sister Paulita have been taking turns at similar work, with good success.

Flower to Fruit

In the mountain villages of the Kaying Vicariate, the principal work of the Maryknoll Sisters is the apostolate of the road. On one of his first visits to the center convent, Bishop Ford looked out over the countryside and pointed to the many homes scattered among the rice fields. He said:

"Go into every one of them! We priests go through China converting men, but the backbone of idolatry is the devout female sex. The Chinese mother is the real molder of the faith of her children, and an enduring Church is founded on her conversion. You must bring Christ to Oriental women in their homes."

In and out of rice fields, up and down mountains, the Maryknoll Sisters go. Their aim is first to make friends with the women; then to try to interest them in the True God; and finally, to teach those who have become interested enough.

In the Kaying Vicariate, by eliminating institutional cares and stressing direct evangelization, it is possible to place Sisters in more districts. They can then reach out to the smallest parishes and among the villages, which comprise eighty per cent of China's population. This assures the Church a growth in women converts.

In 1939, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi wrote to Mother Mary Joseph: "I am aware of the courage and devotion which many Maryknoll Sisters have displayed in the work of conversion, particularly in the Vicariate of Kaying . . . where they have gone from house to house among the people and thus have proved valuable helpers to the Fathers in reaching the non-Christians. Let us hope that this work may grow, and that God may bless it with abundant fruit!"

Together with the recent converts across the river, we beg Him to send us more Sisters to do the work.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith $_____, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

As long as possible, I will send $_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

Faith Born Anew in Africa

by CHARLES F. McCARTHY

TODAY AFRICA is one of the mission territories in which the Church is making a great number of converts. The glories of its past are symbols of hope for the future, engraved with some of the most noteworthy names of early Christendom. Especially is this true of the northern and eastern coasts of the so-called Dark Continent: there, long centuries before America was discovered, Catholics led by Augustine, Clement, Cyprian, and Athanasius wrote their names in the records of Catholic action.

Those early centuries saw strong Catholic populations in almost all the sprawling cities that flung themselves along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Roman legionnaires manning the outposts of their empire, heard Mass and listened to the teachings of men who later became Popes of the Church and whose names now are listed in her calendar of saints. In those days there was every reason to believe that Africa would continue to be a field ripe for more and more conversions to the truths of God.

First Try

STRONG-ARMED elements, however, were to decree otherwise. Sinister and violent, they struck sudden blows that could not be anticipated. They dealt almost fatal strokes to every root that the early Church had sunk into the fertile soil. Consequently, today, almost twenty centuries after the first Mass was said on the huge continent, Africa is still a land that is succored in the main by missionary personnel, a land that depends on established Catholicity in other parts of the world to bring it the teachings of Christ and His sacraments.

This anomaly of a once-thriving Catholicity stricken to a missionary status is founded on the sweeping waves of savagery that periodically engulfed the more developed regions of ancient Africa. In the first few centuries after Christ, little was known of the vast plains and dense jungles of the interior. Men, although adventurous, had no desire to penetrate the mysterious domains of equatorial Africa.

Twice Lost

MEN whose roots were in European or Asiatic stock preferred the places near the sea, and they set up their forts and businesses there. All the commercial and military advantages lay along the warm shores of the Mediterranean, or along the east coast where the Arabian Sea drew its purple waters from the more southern Indian Ocean. Consequently, it was along those favored shores that Christianity first took its hold on Africa.

Those were the places where Saint Mark the Evangelist preached; where Saint Augustine had his episcopal see; where Saints Athanasius and Clement dug out the treasures of doctrine hidden in the teachings of Catholicity. But underneath deep, agitated currents stirred as nervously as the palm fronds that rustled above the glaring, sun-bleached shops of the market places. There were Christians from Europe and Jews from Africa. There were Indians and Arabs from Asia across the sea, Negroes in slavery, as well as proud Berbers and Bedouins from the deserts of Libya, reluctantly tolerating others whom

they hated with deep-rooted convictions.

Races which live commingled but without a spiritual bond, competing for material gains, live on a social volcano. In those early days of African history, sparks flamed occasionally and deceptively subsided again — only to roar into a blaze, leaving an area burned and bloody with racial hatreds. Even today, sunken into African hearts by time, those ruins still smolder dangerously.

Social clashes, however, were merely a shadow of what was to come. If the Church had nothing else to contend with, it would have had a splendid chance to be a strong and influential part of life in Africa today. The real explosion that was to do vital damage to her cause came later, when a camel driver named Mohammed established the religion of Islam. Drunk with religious nationalism, the Arabs poured out of the deserts of the east and, goaded by Mohammedan fanaticism, swept everything before them by a savage use of the sword.

Church schools have a million pupils



This new religion grew into a political movement that sought to conquer the whole known world. It succeeded alarmingly well. Moors, crossbreeds of Bedouins and Berbers, and dwellers of the Sahara, sprang at the throat of Spain. Christian crusades were formed to combat these bloodthirsty thrusts of Islam, but it was not until the fifteenth century that any signs of better days appeared. Captive Catholics meanwhile were doomed to death or slavery. The only refuge those who escaped could find was behind the Christian parapets of Europe.

New Beginning

THE Mohammedans throttled Africa so well and so thoroughly that their religion and influence today are still foremost there. The tactics of the present-day Mohammedan are not as crude as those of his ancestors, but the hatred of Christianity is still very much in his blood. The only thing he will accept from a Christian today is a motiveless, kind deed. In the end, probably, it will be charity, subtle and unoffending, that will bring him to Christ.

Modern missionary work of the Church in Africa received its first impetus, surprisingly, from our own United States. Europe, spawning Protestantism, was choking itself with bigotry when President Monroe founded the country of Liberia.

MARYKNOLL IN AFRICA

FOUR MISSIONERS left in July for the new Maryknoll Mission in Africa. They have the advantage of learning the language, customs, traditions, and mission methods of Tanganyika from veteran priests of the White Fathers of the African Missions.

The new field is most promising, because for some years Africa has been one of the regions richest in converts to the Church. Almost one out of every three foreign-mission priests in the world is serving the Church in Africa, while almost fifty per cent of the foreign-mission Sisters are laboring on that continent. Africa leads the foreign-mission field in the number of catechists, and it has about forty per cent of the Catholic schools of mission lands. The latest statistics available show that the thousand mission dispensaries in Africa treat more than 11,700,000 cases yearly.

The Maryknoll priests now on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria will be joined by other missioners of our Society. They all will minister to the 296,000 people inhabiting the 8,250 square miles assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy See. The task is challenging, since only 13,800 natives are Catholics and most of the others are pagans.

on Africa's west coast, for freed American Negro slaves. That was in 1822, and American bishops immediately called the attention of the Holy Father to the project. The Holy Father, in reply, told the bishops to supply priests, if possible, for the freed Negroes. Two Philadelphia priests were sent, and they met with incredible hardships; but out of their endeavors came the renewed missionary stress on Africa that continues today in many parts of the continent.

Statistics

AT THE present time, in all Africa, there are about 8,000,000 Catholics and about 4,000 priests, 500 of whom are native to the soil. The priests are looking after a total continental population of 175,000,000 people. There are miles and miles of humanity yet to be cared for. While every report of every missioner is adamant concerning the needs of more priests, there is a tremendous and persistent movement afoot that is bringing natives closer to the Church daily. The only way the handicapped missioners can handle the situation is to continue their present plan of facing it squarely and happily, performing as much work as possible, and hoping for whatever help the rest of the Catholic world can muster.

All the missioners are agreed, however, that the light of the Catholic Faith is going to shine forth again in Africa. To help attain this end is a spiritual responsibility in which every Catholic should be interested. When the early Christians bore the brunt of persecutions and slavery and death, and wet the soil of Africa with their blood, they gave those still to be born a precious heritage to cherish. Their sacrifices will not have been in vain, and Africa will not be a so-called Dark Continent, if all of us help keep the flame of faith burning there.

"He'll Have to Die; I Can't Spare Any Money Now."

YOU wouldn't say that. If the boy were here, gaunt and shrunken with his empty stomach and his empty rice bowl, you wouldn't hesitate. You'd give.

Probably you threw crumbs to the birds this morning. It isn't hardness of heart that keeps Maryknoll from receiving the aid needed in this desperate time.

It is because the birds are at your door and the boy is half a world away.

Once this boy was fat and rosy, the joy of a home, the hope of a nation. He may grow up to be great — a statesman, an artist, a scientist or poet or inventor. Or he may not grow up at all.

We have had to watch so many of them die. They go out quietly, like small flames. *You* only read about it, but *we* see it happen.

We have prayed, of course; but God works through human instruments. He expects us to do something — the Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Members. He expects *you* to do something.

This page of print is the only way we have of reaching thousands of people in a hurry, so that the children of China may be saved, so that the fires of their lives may burn a little longer, so that they may live on into China's better times ahead!

Please don't put it aside. Read it, believe it is literally true, realize somehow what it means in terms of life and death. Can you spare a dollar, two, five? Will you?

"As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll, New York





IN BRIEF

Hypodermic . . . In Chile, Father James Rottner reports that a new doctor there is a stickler for cleanliness. One day the M.D., holding some guilty clothing at arm's length, burst out of his inner sanctum to tell the waiting-room crowd, "If any one of you has on clothing as filthy as this, go home and change!" Everyone went home.

One, Two, Three, Kick . . . In China, asking a youngster why the local dialect referred to iodine as "electric wine," Father Stephen Edmonds was told: "Anyone who drinks it, gets a shock."

Easy Does It . . . After eleven years in China dodging typhoons, shipwrecks, air raids, bandits, war, and disease, Father John McLoughlin, unscathed at home in the United States, promptly broke a vertebra while answering a telephone.

Come and Get It . . . In Italy, at Maryknoll's house in Rome, the superior served at dinner: Fish from Philadelphia, Rice from California, and Beans from Rhode Island. The guests were all Catholic chaplains of the Army.

Troubadour . . . At a village *fiesta* in Guatemala, Father Alfred E. Smith (no relation) enlivened everyone and received thunderous applause when he made a weird-sounding, native clarinet produce a resurrected, ultramodern tempo.

Hot and Cold . . . A Sister, ex-internee, remembering the dishcloth shortage in Japan, gave one to mission-bound Father John Walsh. The Padre also had from the Sisters needed vaccines for the missions. After a cross-country trip, Father Walsh discovered that a solicitous porter had put the dishcloth in the train refrigerator, and had left the vaccines in a suitcase!

Phew! . . . In hot Bolivia, Father Gorden Fritz found a tempting, secluded stream, and quickly decided on a cooling swim. Wondering at the splashing, two powerful-looking alligators tardily surfaced. They watched the aghast Padre hurriedly dress.

Making Ends Meet . . . Father Tennien tells us that, at present in China, ten-cent coins live very short financial lives. They make excellent buttons, and are much cheaper for the people than are the real things at inflationary prices.

Sudden Thought . . . When they heard Father Cyril Hirst mention the intercessory power of a soul in heaven with God, hitherto-apathetic, famine-struck relatives of a dying Chinese scurried into helpful action to convince the man of the necessity of baptism.

Headstart . . . One missioner kept a supply of veils for brides with uncovered heads. He sent a boy to give veils to a bride and her maid, only to find the headgear, later, perched on the heads of the groom and best man.

Relativity . . . When a Maryknoll priest in Japan told an American staff officer that there was hope of forty new missioners coming to Japan, the officer replied, "Forty! Why, you ought to be sending 4,000 over here!"

Hobo Boys

by JAMES F. McNIFF

TWO SHIVERING YOUNGSTERS tried to smile at me as I opened the door of our Maryknoll house in Talca, Chile. In the early July morning, a heavy hoarfrost covered everything, for the season was winter in South America.

The youngsters were dressed scantily and were extremely dirty. Pablo, who was nine years old, wore a pair of shorts and a thin shirt which was so badly torn that nearly his whole chest was visible. His face was blue from the cold, while his eyes had a look of anguish that begged for help. His bare legs and feet were dirty; he was skinny and undernourished; and he was so weak that he could hardly talk coherently. His young friend, Pedro, who was only seven, was little better off. But he was stockier, and he had a ragged old coat to cover his limbs.

I heated some water, and gave the two boys a good washing. That really was an event for them! We managed to find clothing that would fit and keep them warm. Then while our hungry guests ate a hot breakfast, I questioned them.

Many boys like this pair have no homes



"Pablo, have you made your first Holy Communion?"

"No, sir," came the gently puzzled reply.

"And you, Pedro?"

"No."

"Who is God?" A shrug greeted that one.

"Well, have you ever heard of Our Lord, Jesus Christ?"

After a moment's hesitation, the younger, who seemed the more intelligent, said, "I saw a movie of the Crucifixion, once."

Then he addressed his companion, and for a few moments they talked with some spirit between themselves, entirely oblivious of me.

"Remember," said Pedro, "the movie we saw of the Crucifixion, when they drove the big nails into the hands and feet of the Lord?"

"Yes," answered his friend. "And those were big nails!"

I then asked, "Where did you get the money to go to the moving picture?"

With utter frankness came the reply, "We used to beg money for bread, and then go to the movies to keep warm."

The next information I received was that the two boys had spent the previous night in a pile of sand, and that they had been wandering about town for a couple of months. The father of Pablo, a widower, had married again, and the stepmother had beaten the boy terribly and finally had thrown him out.

I decided to visit the parents of the youngsters, but the boys did not like the idea, for they figured they might receive more beatings. I coaxed them to point out their houses without going near, and they reluctantly agreed.

So I set out, walking ahead, with the boys following at some distance. However, they had other ideas, and disappeared.

Such vagabondage among children is common. I met a boy of twelve years who had traveled the sixty miles from Chillan to Talca, alone and on foot.

He was walking the streets in company with an old beggar, who gave evidence of having received a horrid beating. This beggar's black eyes were the worst I've ever seen; and his shaven head had three ugly wounds where it had apparently been struck with a club. The lad was traveling with the old man because the latter was more experienced in securing food.

I told the boy to go to our house and wait for me. But I knew that I could help him only temporarily; because we have no place like Boys' Town, where he could be lodged and kept out of harm's way.

I recalled how Saint Vincent de Paul worked among youngsters like these. He used to pick them up from the gutters, and feed, clothe, and educate them. But he had a host of friends to help him. And more important, he was a saint!

So it's clear that, to make an orphanage succeed, one must be close to God. But at least I am starting the project. The help will be up to others.



"There are at least a dozen, if not fifty, *Keys of the Kingdom* sagas in this sincere chronicle of wartime China, by a Maryknoll missioner with a sense of humor and a great humanistic love of mankind." — *The Hartford Courant.* ☐ **$2.50**

OUR NEIGHBORS THE KOREANS

Are you aware of the vital strategic importance of Korea — both for the peace of the Far East and for the spread of the Catholic Faith?

Our Neighbors the Koreans will bring you up to date. ☐ **35¢**



THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll, N. Y.

His Love of the Mass

by ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING

The following paragraphs are taken from the sermon given by Archbishop Cushing on the occasion of the dedication of the new Maryknoll Junior Seminary in Brookline, Massachusetts

BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH well realized the fact that he was sending missioners to China before he had perfected the equipment for their training. He knew the need of priests; he knew the need of education for the development of the missionary organization.

I once asked a personal friend of Bishop Walsh what he thought was his outstanding characteristic, and he gave me an answer that I shall always remember.

"I lived with Bishop Walsh, traveled with him, shared his joys and sorrows; and I knew his heartaches; and I should call him a typical American priest with an outstanding characteristic. That was his love for the daily Mass that he offered to God. He would anticipate that daily Mass every night. He would open his missal or his breviary, to learn more about the saint to be commemorated or to get more appreciation of God's secrets from the context of the Mass itself."

His love for the Mass was characteristic, according to his friend, for he looked upon the Mass as the root and essence of our Faith, and he visualized his missioners offering themselves every morning to God Himself. Just as the priest offers the Host at the Consecration, so he would visualize himself and his spiritual family offering themselves on the paten and in the chalice, to God, for the salvation of souls.



Bishop Walsh withheld decisions on important matters until he made a memento of them in his next Mass

Maryknoll Photos



Shadows on the cloister move with rosaries in hands



Bees and students in the fields (*above*) are no busier than the students in the classroom (*below*) where Father Callan, O.P., "makes things hum"

The New Neighborhood

by LAWRENCE A. CONLEY

THIS WEEK I received a letter from the Bishop. There was no need to open it, as I had been expecting such a letter to arrive any day. But I opened it, and read, "You are to be transferred to Hoingan."

Immediately I was drowned in a boyhood memory. Well do I remember the day when my mother told us that we were to move to another city. Such news crashed like a thunderbolt. It meant that I was to go into exile, at least temporarily. It meant that I was to give up all my chums, the woods and the swimming hole I knew so well, the neighborhood in which I could walk blindfolded to my destination, the school and playground where I had so much fun.

In the new neighborhood, friends would have to be cultivated, and that would be a difficult initiation. Reporting to the new school and running the gantlet of many staring eyes would be a nasty punishment. All those and many other aspects made moving to a new neighborhood a dreadful nightmare to my boyish mind.

No Exile

AND NOW, away off here in South China, that little boy, grown to manhood, has to pack his scanty baggage and move to a "new neighborhood." But today the grown-up boy does not think of moving as going into exile, or as a punishment, even though it means a severing of the ties of friendship with his Christian and non-Christian friends.

True, it seems a little strange to be changed, when the names of the Christians and villages were just beginning to stick in his mind; when he was beginning to know about his Christians' family life, the stories of their conversions, and their present "standing" as Christians; and when the local dialect was beginning to mean something to him and to those who listened to him. But really, to the missioner, all these things are trifles now: they no longer cloud his thoughts; they no longer cause him sleepless nights. On the contrary, they brighten his mind with hopes for the new field of opportunity.

Old Friends

A MISSIONER is never a stranger in the missions, even though he be frequently changed from one mission station to another. Even before a missioner gets to his new station, the Christians, through the "bamboo wireless," have learned practically everything there is to know about him: his name, his size, his disposition, and so forth. So that, when the new appointee arrives at last, there is little else for the people to learn about him. They warm up to the "new priest" as though they had known him since he first stepped into China!

With such a welcome, the missioner, too, feels like an old friend. He is as much at home as if he had been the spiritual director of those Christians for many years. The truth comes home to him forcibly, that a missioner is not a stranger in any neighborhood — because he came to China to convert, not one group, but any soul and every soul. And so the "new" neighborhood is not really new to him.

You can help Maryknoll by enrolling your friends as subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR

He Called Himself a Dog

by FRANCIS X. LYONS

I HAD OFTEN HEARD of Blessed Martin de Porres when I was in the United States; so, one sunny afternoon in Lima, I walked over to the Dominican Monastery with the avowed intent of seeing the resting place of that Peruvian "Francis of Assisi." A kindly Dominican Father, Padre Jose M. Lazo, met me at the door, and led me to the big side altar. There rest the bones of Lima's two great saints, Saint Rose of Lima and Blessed Martin de Porres.

City Knight

LIMA today is a great metropolis, but as I knelt there in that old Dominican church, with the street noises of a big city penetrating but faintly, I could imagine myself back in the sixteenth century. I could picture the great Peruvian armada just back from Panama, riding at anchor in the harbor; her crew in the narrow streets and noisy saloons, throwing drunken challenges to the spurred and dusty men who had just arrived from the far inland mines. I could picture the dark, damp warehouses bulging and redolent with cacao, vicuna wool, leather goods, spices, drugs, and all manner of ship's stores. The narrow dirt streets would be filled with Negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, creoles, and gentlemen from Spain. And through all this excitement and hubbub, I could see the hurrying figure of a Dominican lay Brother, dark-skinned Martin de Porres.

Blessed Martin de Porres was a mulatto, his father having been a Spaniard, and his mother a freed Negro slave from Panama. The main facts of his life are simple. He was born in Lima on September 9, 1579; he entered the Dominican Monastery as a lay Brother when he was fifteen years old; and he died in that convent on November 3, 1639, at the age of sixty.

In those sixty years, Martin de Porres did what few men before or since have managed to do: he became a saint. Much has been written about the supernatural gifts bestowed on him by God. He could pass through closed doors, or be in two places at once, and he could foresee the future. His prayers often brought about miraculous cures; and a sick priest or Brother often found Martin at his bedside in the dark of the night, when natural means would not have enabled him to know the sick man's condition and need.

Martin de Porres, champion of poor



Yet many forget that Martin de Porres attained to these supernatural gifts only by a lifetime of self-sacrifice in working for the poor and the sick of Lima.

Early in his life, it was quite evident to his mother that Martin loved the poor. She quickly learned that her son was likely to return from the market place in the morning with an empty basket and all her money spent. After no amount of berating could get him to pass the poor by, the mother made a practice of going to the market herself. It was a wise arrangement, for few can stay the hand of the man or boy who has once looked squarely into the faces of God's poor.

For some months, Martin worked as a barber, but he could never bring himself to ask for a fee, and what he did receive he immediately gave to the beggars in the doorway. His employer sighed with relief, therefore, when the boy decided to join the Dominicans. In the religious house, Martin was able to devote himself to the sick and the poor without fear of censure.

World to Mend

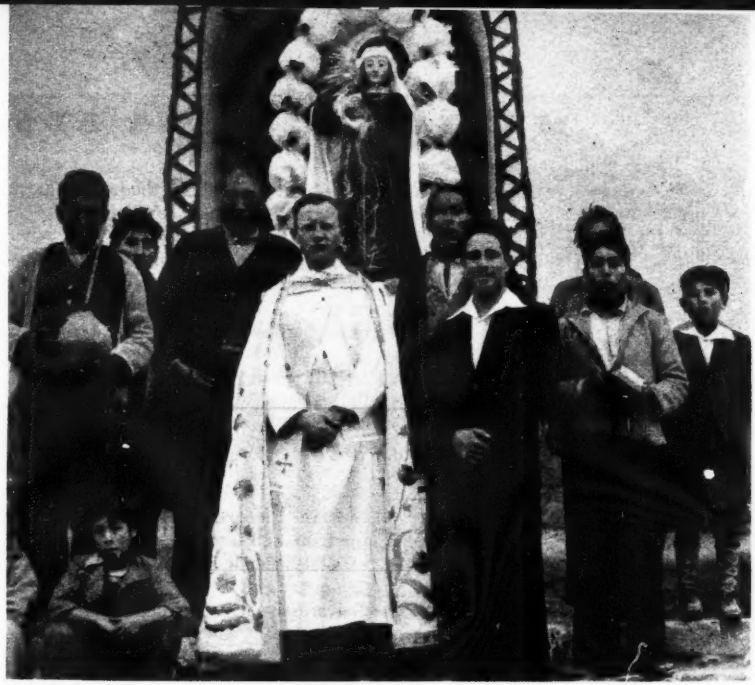
It is related of Saint Martin of Tours that he divided his cloak with a beggar in the road. His namesake, Martin de Porres, on at least two occasions gave his cape to naked Indians whom he had found shivering in the cold fog which blows over Lima in the early morning. And once, when he found himself without either money or food to give, he sold his hat to the highest bidder and proceeded to buy bread for the poor.

Brother Martin soon realized, however, that his small resources would never alleviate the vast poverty he encountered each day, so the rich of Lima found him knocking at their doors with great regularity. Because he found so many half-starved Indian and Negro children and abandoned babies in the streets, he went to his good friend, Don Mateo Pastor, and begged from him money to found an orphanage. As many of the rich people were willing, with a little persuasion, to help, Martin organized them into groups, and each gave a stipulated sum every month.

The good Brother started a bread line at the monastery door. Later, having begged a supply of drugs, he opened a free dispensary. His poor cell oftentimes was used as an infirmary for the sick of the town; and since those poor ones were not firm believers in the old adage, that cleanliness is next to godliness, his room could not always pass inspection. The Father Superior received so many complaints that at last he was forced to forbid Brother Martin to bring the sick inside the house. Undaunted, Martin went to the home of his sister, borrowed the use of the top floor of her house, and opened his hospital there.

It is easy to understand how the holy Brother needed the gift of bilocation, when we stop to think of all the work he did each day. Besides his religious duties in the monastery, Martin had many menial offices to perform. In addition, he was the infirmarian in a community of three hundred religious, and was in charge, also, of the health of the many servants on the Dominican farm outside the city. He conducted the clinic in his sister's house, spent much time at the orphanage, kept his bread line and dispensaries operating, and still found time to beg for his poor.

As Martin wandered around the streets, he encountered many homeless young men who had come on the galleons from Spain in search of adventure in the New World. He took those disillusioned strangers, fed them, found them rooms, and finally secured work for them on the near-by



Father Garvey and other Maryknollers labor in the land of Blessed Martin

farms, or with the long, slow burro trains.

Brother Martin's charity was universal, and to make sure that he omitted no one, he had a schedule of begging. What he was able to secure on Tuesday and Wednesday, went to the poor families in the city. The alms gathered on Thursday and Friday went to students and poor priests. Sunday was devoted to clothing the naked Indians and Negroes of the streets. Saturday and Monday, he used the money for Masses for the souls in Purgatory.

But the crowning touch to all Martin's charity, I think, was this. It was not enough, he thought, to visit and help all the poor and infirm and hungry in Lima. One day he girded his robe about him, and kneeling on those bleak hills which surround Lima, he planted fruit trees all around, so that travelers might have refreshment and shade.

It is to be expected that such a man was humble. When he meditated, this is what Martin said: "Mulatto dog, be not proud! You well know that you are a dog and fit only to be a slave of men. Only by the mercy of God, do so many holy religious suffer you."

Martin considered himself a mulatto dog, but when he was dying, the Viceroy of all Peru and the Archbishop of Mexico knelt at the foot of his bed and asked for his blessing. And the Holy Father beatified this mulatto saint, in 1837.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Give Rosaries to those who are too poor to buy them for themselves! Thousands of the people of Ecuador are extremely poor. Will you donate $1, or more, or less, so that Father Grondin may be able to provide rosaries for such of his people as need them?

First Communion — This is a great event in any child's life, and particularly in the lives of our needy Indian boys and girls. They can be provided with suitable clothing for as little as $2 each. Does any friend care to help these poor youngsters?

Crucifixes, any size or kind, are requested by Father Robert Lee, in Mexico. He wishes to place them in the houses of his Indians. Send the crucifixes, or money to purchase them, to Maryknoll.

80 for 400! Father Paul Sommer has benches for 80 people, in his Guatemala church; but 400 attend Mass on Sundays. For $75, this missioner can buy wood enough to make the required extra seats. He and the boys of the parish will build pews, if someone will pay for the material.

A Mimeograph Machine to prepare religious instructions for his Indians is requested by Father Alfred Smith, in Guatemala. He can buy one for $50.

In Chile Father James Manning runs a summer camp for underprivileged children. He asks if we could beg the price of a cot for each of 100 boys — at $2 per cot.

Smiling Ways of native Chinese Sisters go farther into the hearts of their own people if $15 a month is available to each Sister for food and fares.

In the Heart of the jungle in Bolivia, Father John McCabe needs a recreational center for children. The sum of $200 will provide the equipment necessary to start this project.

Motion Pictures Help in interesting, teaching, and inspiring the young people of Chile. Could someone let us have a 16mm projector (with sound), for use at Galvarino? Or, if not the machine, funds to buy one? It will cost $350 locally.

What Is Calamino? The word means tin roofing, in Peru. Roofing comes in pieces 3 x 8 feet, which cost $11 each. The church at Ayapata badly needs many such pieces. Will you spare the money to buy one or more?

More Strength for the missioner. A catechist costs $15 a month. A mission needs the catechist's service, and the missioner needs the wherewithal to keep him in action.

From China, Father John Heemskerk writes: "I should like to place an inexpensive Crib in each of my seventeen villages at Christmas time. Do you know where I could get $6 to purchase each Crib?"

Each Maryknoller needs $30 every month for his own support. Will you help one?



"Give us . . .
our daily bread."

Maryknoll Missions in China Need

each month:

$5 for support of a leper	$15 for support of a catechist
$5 for support of a blind child	$15 for support of a native Sister
$5 for support of an orphan	$15 for support of a native priest
$5 for support of a refugee	$30 for support of a missioner
$5 for support of an old person	$50 for medicine for a dispensary
$15 for support of a native seminarian	$50 for the mission rice lines

each year:

$25 for education of a poor child	$30 for Mass wine
$25 for Mass hosts	$50 for altar candles
$250 for use in Catholic Action	$300 for work among youth

When making your will, remember Maryknoll's legal title is *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

Send for the free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will.*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



Are they as comfortable and well-satisfied as they look? Apparently not. These Indian matrons have heavy hearts, knowing there is only one priest for every 5,000 Catholics in this sparsely settled section of their native Peru. Twenty-five Maryknollers work here; Bishops have begged us for more.

